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Tolmama

Published by the

Class of 1901

of the

Gloucester High School.

1901.

Geo. L. Jeffery, Printer.

372-5
Gloucester, Mass. High School,



SUPERINTENDENT FREEMAN PUTNEY



PRINCIPAL A. W. BACHERLER

The Class of 1901

feel that there are so many appreciative words
they wish to say, that they will say nothing. They
therefore dedicate this book to their principal,

Mr. A. W. Bacheler,

hoping that he will understand.





(1) Mary H. Woodbury (2) Caroline G. Howe (3) Dora M. Sibley (4) Walter G. Whitman
 (5) Helen F. Slade (6) Lillian A. McAllister (7) Mary E. Wilder

The Faculty.

A. W. BACHELER, Principal, Dartmouth College.

History, Latin, English, Algebra.



MARY E. WILDER, Studies pursued abroad.

Latin, German, History.



HELEN F. SLADE, University of Vermont.

Geometry, English Literature.



DORA M. SIBLEY, Colby University.

Greek, Latin.



CAROLINE G. HOWE, Boston University.

Botany, Civics, Algebra, Physiology, Geology, Astronomy,
Physical Geography.



MARY HALE WOODBURY, Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

College Mathematics, Latin.



LILLIAN A. McALLISTER, Vassar.

French, English.



WALTER G. WHITMAN, Tufts College.

Physics, Chemistry.

MANTON E. MERCHANT, Boston Normal Art School.

History, Drawing.



ANNIE P. MARR.

Gymnastics, Algebra.



IDA C. GLEASON, Worcester Normal School.

Book-keeping, Commercial Law, English.



MARY A. KILBURN, Hickox Shorthand School.

Shorthand, Typewriting.



MABEL L. ANDREWS, Framingham Normal School.

English, Civics, Commercial Arithmetic.



LIZZIE E. PENTECOST.

Clerical Assistant.



(1) Manton E. Merchant
(4) Mabel L. Andrews

(2) Ida C. Gleason
(5) Lizzie E. Pentecost

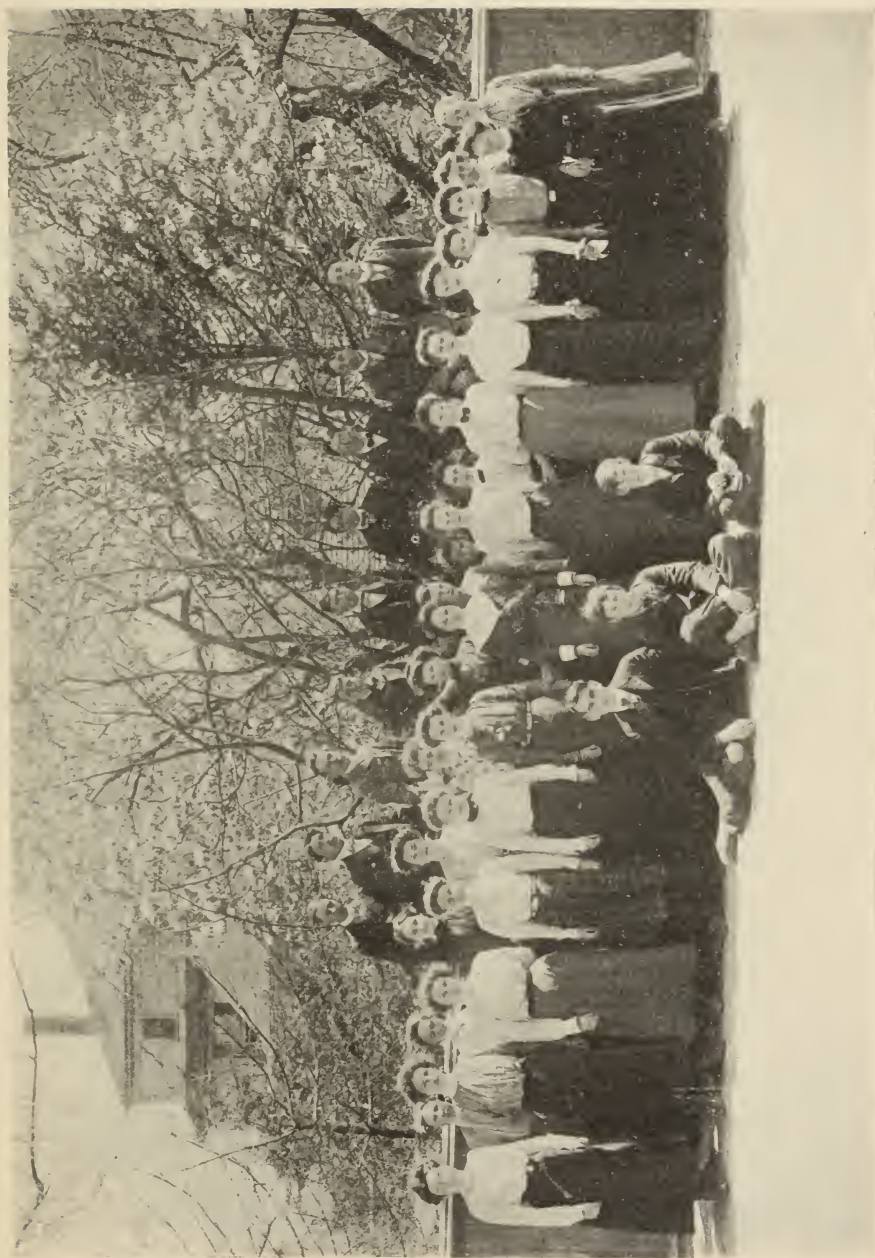
(3) Annie P. Marr
(6) Mary A. Kilburn



CLASS OF 1901 FOUR YEAR COURSES

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHESTER G. LANE





CLASS OF 1901, BUSINESS COURSE



1901.

Colors:—Crimson and Gold.

Motto:—"Not only to live but to live well."

Class Officers.

President,
Vice-President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

Frank S. Elliott.
Bessie Parsons.
Etta Harvey.
Richard K. Conant.

Classical Course.

Richard Keith Conant,
Joseph K. Dustin,
Marguerite D. Haskell,

Lottie Rowe Lane,
Bertha Everett Mahony,
Clara Loring Newell.

General Course.

M. Marguerite Beaton,
Geneva M. Bowden,
Annie D. Cheves,
Nellie Dixon,
Carrie M. Davis,
E. Eugene Dixon,
Frank S. Elliott,
Ernestine Harding,
Grace Haraden,
Mary E. Hodgdon,
Lotta D. Jones,

Edith Ginns,
Ethel M. Graham,
Elizabeth M. Greenlow,
John Hugh Lally,
Raymond W. Lyle,
Eva M. Mears,
Evaline S. Nickerson,
Bessie Parsons,
Bertha E. Sanders,
Una Saunders,
Nettie M. Terry,

Annie M. Warner.

English Course.

Chester A. Butman,
Annie Cannon,
Walter P. Day,
Ella H. Gerring,
Walter A. Morris,

George A. David,
A. Corinne Hall,
Georgietta Harvey,
Ethel M. Thomas,
Carlton Knight.

1901.

Business Course.

Bertram Babson,	Harold A. Langsford,
Page F. Bearse,	Harry M. Langsford,
~ ¹¹¹ Aylmer Brown,	Albert McInnis,
Daniel Chane,	Alton Marshall,
Chester Curtis,	~ James McGregor,
Belle Courant,	Annie McMillan,
d Dell Chapman,	Catherine Maguire,
~ Sylvester Deering,	Mable McKay,
• Stephen Dodge,	May McKinnon,
~ Evelyn Downie,	Mary Murphy,
Mary Foley,	Ella Nichols,
d Lelia Goldthwaite,	Florence Nelson,
Bessie Gosbee,	Bertha Olsen,
Laura B. Gorman,	Mary O'Neil,
Mildred Grant,	~ Everett Perkins,
Mary F. Grover,	Margaret Powers,
Susie Hanson,	d William Rowe,
Freeman Hodsdon,	Mable Rust,
~ Alice Jeffery,	~ Carrie Swift,
Grace E. Hamilton,	Ralph Tarr,
Florence M. Harney,	Harold Tarr,
~ Gertrude Jones,	~ Thomas Thibodeau,
Nettie Johnson,	~ Maude Webber.

FORMER MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '01.

~ Alice McLoud,	Esther Tarr,
~ Marion Tarr,	Helen Robinson,
Richard Tarr,	William Rich,
~ Herman Marshall,	Walter O'Brien,
Clara Latham,	Maurice Mahony.



ISTORY OF 1901.

(A MEDLEY.)

By OMNES F. HAKEGAFF.

GENESIS, CHAPTER ONE.

1. In the beginning was created the Class of 1901. And it was created in the year of our Lord 1897, at the time when the sweet cider was running from the apple trees.

2. And the Class was without form and a gang of babies.

3. And the color upon the face of the Class was green, yea, greener than the ribbon that so seduced the Hibernian snakes from their native land.

4. And the spirit of naughtiness moved upon the face of the children, and some even dared to look into the eye of the creature that lay in wait for them at the foot of the stairs; and, verily, they were taught the way to virtue and the deportment board.

5. And Mr. Herrick said, "Let there be heat," and there has been heat to this day, even to the fulness thereof.

6. And Mr. Herrick felt the heat and that it was great and he cautioned the teachers to open no windows that the heat might not go to waste.

7. And the master said, "Let there be a division of the class, and let the alphas be separated from the omegas and the Day from the Knight which is to come," and it was so even as the master had commanded, for verily, what the master said went.

8. And many a one in the class said, "We will take the two years' course," and they have taken it and passed on; but the braver said, "We will stick it out for four years," and they are mostly alive.

9. And others said, "We will be smart; we will astonish our fellow-creatures even by our smartness, and will take the Classical Course that we may be known to be learned." And six are alive of those very ones. And they shall have a place among the angels,—save one, who is even now a saint,—for they have survived the greatest of evils and have learned to fake the Hebrew language and even its teacher.

10. And there were in that place divers kinds of ferocious beasts, ziniors and joonures and zofomores which did prey upon the class even to the Merchant child.

11. And there were many of the class which were compelled to project hideous noises from the throat and nostrils. And these spasms occurred the first thing Monday morning. And the noises were intended to drown the sound of the wringers throughout the city. And, verily, their purpose was fully accomplished.

*SECUNDUS ANNUS.

Gens Scholam Attendit.

THIRD YEAR.

By *BILL HAKEGAFF* the Brother of *OMNES*.

Bless thee '01, thou wast indeed translated. From the most hopeless milk-sops ever born of woman, thy sons sprang to full-grown lions, sniffing, roaring, challenging; thy daughters grew to maidens, fairest of the fair, rosy-cheeked, the fields' chief flowers, sweet beyond comparison.

And all thy children, filled with greedy lust for gold chose to hold a sale, which gained for them ninety and more ducats. To Knight, in lieu of treasure-house, they intrusted their moneys, and as each ducat with royal ring fell into his bag, the wily smile on the treasurer's lips expanded to a grin. That gold, with moneys wrung each month from the class, did serve to buy a banner, and furthermore to start a good-sized bank account. And much discussion ensued over the rate of usury to be got for the ducats, but at length the money was let at the rate of three ducats on the hundred usage money.

But another force was at work with you; sweet love, Cupid, the knavish lad that makes poor females sad, that year attacked the males. Many a love-sick swain did roam about in quest of his desired, and all school work forgot. Rivals for the fair ones increased and jealousy was rife. At first one room had sufficed for both the sexes, but soon the grievous separation came and love's path was filled with thorns,—the keepers of the virgins. But soon the craze declined and though some are still enthralled, the better part woke up, came out of it and now are sane again.

That selfsame year a scroll was published by the Seniors which reeked with advice for all the classes and with its sharp criticisms inbred in some

*The author's attempt to write the history of the second year entirely in Latin.

desire for revenge. Be it sufficient to say that we have tried to follow their advice and would thank them for it. We would hand it down to the class below, having extracted from it our full portion of benefit.

SENIOR YEAR.

In September, 1900, when the Class reassembled for the last year together, we had changed in many ways. We had matured into grave and dignified Seniors, and we found our environment as greatly altered as if we had awakened from a long sleep. From a subordinate position we had risen to the respected and honored dignity of Seniors. Imagine the transformation in our minds, the newly gained importance of seniority! No longer was it compatible with our exalted ideas of our character to gather in the corridors as did the more unsophisticated classes, and, though some alienated themselves from us so far as to mingle in these groups, most of us preferred the studious seclusion of Miss Wilder's room. There we formed the noblest and grandest resolutions to acquire a reputation for scholarship like the one which we knew we enjoyed for energy and business ability. This lofty ideal we kept for over a week and then, well it seemed to elude our grasp, and if we couldn't reach it, why, there was no more use trying for it than trying to reach the moon.

However, we lost not one particle of our dignity, but some of us appeared in uniforms which added still more to our importance.

During the past few years the social spirit which was once so high seems to have waned, but this year it has returned to some proportion of its former size and from the unusual number of socials in the upper classes seems to give promise of maintaining itself. As athletes we have never been remarkable, but the Class of 1901 has always done its share in the support of athletics and has had some few representatives on school teams. An attempt was made to play basket-ball but fortune favored neither the boys nor girls. Whatever may be said about our strength in athletics no one can accuse us of lack of energy in school affairs.

Two fairs have been held, both under the management of members of our class and these have helped the school spirit a little. But a hundred times as much interest is needed to put Gloucester on a level with other schools in all interscholastic events, except drill. In the latter, we can surely claim a high position.

Ode.

"Not only around our infancy
Doth Heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not."

—*Lowell.*

No rest is there more sweet beneath the sun,
When fiercely on our heads the noonday heat
Beats down, no sweeter respite to the child
Of Nature, when distressed with strife and care
Than to the shady thicket to withdraw,
And there 'mid rustling trees and murm'ring brooks,
Unite sweet sleep and sweetest blissful dreams.
To such, with glad and peaceful sense of rest,
I fled, and soon, e'er many soft refrains
Of gently sighing liquid music swelled,
I was in slumber wrapt. Lo, then a vision—
As in my dreams my thoughts to boundless heights
Of loftiness and pure ambition rose—
Seemed bidding me to look and give good heed.

A youth from childhood's home was going forth.
Before his eyes the path of life in turns
And tortuous windings lay outspread afar,
And at the journey's end the land of dreams.
Toward this, and to the gleaming shrine of Fame,
Ambition called to him through toil and pain,
"Press on!" So he with bounding heart and light,
Goes forth. Behind him all that in the past
Has held for him the joy of love and peace
Without a sigh is left, and he beholds
All else with scorn, except the shrine of Fame.
And so he journeys on, scarce taking time
To rest at night in some secluded nook,
Or quiet peasant's cot amid the trees;
And still again by day he rushes on,
Upon his brow the firm, determined look
Of one on single purpose bent, while in
His heart the hope of grandeur and renown.
At last as he was hastening on his way
Beneath the midday sun's most fervid heat,
'Mong withering, thirsty grasses by the road,
A little child he chanced upon, who faint

And weary with the heat was now at rest.
 Upon the young man's face, his pleading eyes
 With soft entreaty gazed. "Kind sir," he said,
 "Please bring to me a drink from yonder brook,
 For weariness my strength o'erpowers, I fain
 Would rest." "Nay, nay, dear child," the youth replies,
 "I would that I might help thee in thy need,
 But nobler purpose bids me hasten on;
 I seek the brilliant temple known as Fame.
 Detain me not, for mine a glorious life
 Must be." So still as day by day passed by,
 Fresh chance had he for aiding needy ones,
 But scarce a glance to each one vouchsafed he,
 As ever on he made his way to reach Fame's temple fair.
 At last he gained the lofty glitt'ring gate,
 Where goddess Duty, sitting, held the key
 To Glory's inner shrine.
 As he drew near he cried, "Oh, noble queen!
 Give now thy key to one, who struggling on
 Has run life's course." But goddess Duty
 Only sighed: "Alas, vain one," she said,
 "'Twas I, who in the guise of lovely child
 Desired a cup of water at thy hand,
 'Twas I you met, yea, all along your path
 In forms of sore distress and need. Each time
 You passed me by with mere regretful words,
 Therefore depart—for Fame cannot be thine."
 And so the vision left me, all amazed,
 As round me sank the waning day.
 Full soon, O friends, our school days will be o'er.
 We all to various needs of life must turn:
 So let us, then, with true and hearty zeal,
 Be faithful in each little task to come,
 For only thus can lasting Fame be won.
 And may, in future years, in life's great book,
 'Midst names of those in grace and honor high
 Be read the names of Nineteen Hundred One.

—JOSEPH K. DUSTIN.

Prophecy for 1901.

PART I.



DIDN'T dream, I didn't have a vision, I didn't go to war, nor discover an old manuscript,—I simply went to school,—but why should I call it school? Only the outside of the building remained the same and when I entered, every room had become a city in which I found some of my former classmates.

As I entered the basement, the place took on the appearance of Jerusalem and as I walked through it I recognized Carlton Knight excavating about an ancient palace. He had already found many valuable religious manuscripts and expected to find many more.

Surprised to visit foreign lands without having to travel to them, I walked upstairs and as I passed into the place where the study-room had been, I found myself in New York. Here I heard Miss Annie Cannon give a very able speech as lawyer for the defence in a famous case between two large companies. Bursts of applause frequently came to my ears and I learned afterward that she succeeded in winning \$20,000,000 for the corporation whose counsel she was.

Not far from this I entered a large private school, where Miss Marguerite D. Haskell was delivering an informal talk to a class of girls on "Baseball for Spare Moments." It is needless to say that it was very fine.

After walking a short distance, a lady mistaking me, as I thought, for some acquaintance came toward me smiling pleasantly. After a few minutes conversation I learned that this was Miss Ernestine Harding in disguise. She had become a detective and was now going to California in search of some stolen diamonds.

Up in the Hall, or rather in Denver, our president, Frank Elliott, appeared. After graduating from "Tech," he had been successful as a mining engineer, and was now nominated as mayor of the city.

In the Physics room, which was now changed into Boston, I found the greatest number of my classmates. At a concert in Symphony Hall I heard Nellie Dixon called forth again and again to sing to a delighted audience.

Later I was told that the fame of Joseph Dustin even now rivalled some of our ancient masters.

Here I discovered Butman at an early hour (strange event) working assiduously to perfect a system of mind telegraphy. He told me that, within

a year, he would be able to inform his classmates of his invention though they were on the other side of the earth, without the means of telegraph, letters, or human speech.

Miss Georgietta Harvey was busily writing in a lawyer's office where she won merited respect and esteem.

In one of the finest hospitals of the suburbs, I saw Miss Geneva Bowden, tenderly caring for the sick.

As I passed into Miss Sibley's room, the city of Springfield rose before me, and on picking up a newspaper near by I read; "The Illustrated Lecture delivered by Miss Annie Dryden Cheves on 'Photography and its Relation to High Art,' was exceptionally interesting. She stated many new ideas and showed many wonderful examples of her own work. We prophesy a glorious career for this young lady."

As I passed into the place where Miss Slade's room had been, I found myself gazing at the beautiful buildings of the Cashing Academy, Ashburnham. Such queer sounds came through the open windows that I thought I would enter, and to my great surprise I found Eugene Dixon teaching French to a class of Junior young ladies. It took his whole attention to quiet the girls. They were all talking together and so I passed on unnoticed to the city of Gloucester, where once had been the library.

Here I found that Miss Davis had won such renown by the many socials which she had planned for the Senior Class that she was called upon from far and wide to exercise her genius for church, society and school. Miss Beaton was placidly seated in a pleasant school room teaching the "2 x 2" to pretty little misses.

Walter Day still remained at Gloucester where he spent his time in philanthropic works. It seems a large fortune had been left him and G. H. S. received her share in a new library and an up-to-date lunch counter.

As I passed down the Hall, the Capitol at Washington rose before me and I saw Miss Corinne Hall enter the White House—but not as its mistress—this was simply her honey-moon.

I found Germany in Miss Wilder's room, and as a car passed me in a crowded street of Berlin, I caught a glimpse of Richard Conant poring over a book. I learned that he had become a noted philosopher and that his words were as highly respected as those of the ancient Solomon.

As I walked upstairs to visit the chemical laboratory, I found myself transported into Paris where I beheld George David, United States Ambassador.

Somewhat farther on I saw Miss Mary Hodgdon gravely trimming up-to-date bonnets in a large millinery store.

Last, as I entered the old gymnasium, I found Miss Haraden happily at work reproducing the beautiful scenes of Venice. But in a moment all had changed and as I hurried about to learn more secrets of the future I found the building deserted—I was locked in.

Lottie R. Lane, '01.

PART II.



AS I was taking my daily walk which happened to be along the Magnolia shore, it suddenly occurred to me that I had been asked to write a prophecy of our honored class of '01. I walked along trying to think of a way to begin it. At last I gave up in despair and sat down on the sand and gazed over the vast stretch of ocean. Suddenly I perceived a small object approaching with great speed, each wave bore it aloft until at last it was deposited at my feet. It was a small tin box covered with a network of bamboo and gave forth a peculiar odor. I at once became curious to know what it contained and after much exertion, finally opened it. To my surprise several small rolls of parchment dropped out, each one being tied with a strong fibre of a plant known only in Egypt. I examined each roll closely and found them written in Egyptian characters. So I returned home and with the aid of an old Egyptian servant, translated their meaning. The first line read,—Clara Loring Newell will enter the employ of the Jordan, Marsh Co., who after the first year will send her abroad as their foreign agent. She will establish herself in gay Paris and rival Marie Jonreau by her exquisite taste in making the most fashionable gowns.

Raymond W. Lyle will train his melodious voice and make his debut on the vaudeville stage, where, with his graceful form and commanding presence, he will absolutely hypnotize his audience.

Bertha Everett Mahony, whose fame as a golfer is already known, will lay out a new golf course at Bay View, where she will instruct beginners in the occult art. And as an additional feature she will import three hundred young Filipino savages as caddies.

Walter Adams Morris, commonly known as "Dot," will prepare for the ministry and win a pastorate in the Sandwich Islands. Shortly after he will

travel over the U. S. giving lectures, and in 1922 he will deliver a lecture in G. H. S. Hall on the "Immortality of the Soul."

Elizabeth Greenlow will act in the capacity of drummer for the Larkin Soap Co., and no one she meets will escape her clutches. Her sales in one week will exceed the output of the factories.

Lottie Rowe Lane, on finishing her college course, will open a young ladies' seminary where she will fit young girls for college. It will have a finely equipped gymnasium, and basket ball and baseball (?) will be special features.

John Hugh Lally after three successive attempts will enter the—bar!! where he will show his stored up genius, which he has held in reserve during his high school course.

Annie Warner, who is remarkable for her cold bloodedness, will be found in the side show of *Forepaugh and Sells'* Great and Only Circus. She will accept the position of lady snake charmer at a most exorbitant salary.

Ethel Graham, being of a religious nature, will, at the age of twenty, enter a nunnery where she will endeavor to lead poor souls to the life eternal.

The frivolous Miss Edith Ginns will apply for admittance to the New York Stock Exchange, and since she is interested in stocks and bonds and has already invested large amounts, she will undoubtedly amass a large fortune.

Lotta Dustin Jones will seek the retired and secluded life of a foreign missionary. In 1903 she will depart for the Philippines and there establish a religious school which will rival the G. H. S.

Ethel Mae Thomas will be the first lady captain to cross the Atlantic. She will command a Cunard Line steamship of 2,500 tons and do the trip in four days which record will never be beaten.

Ella Hutchins Gerring will make her debut as a New York society girl. With her winsome smile and catching manner, she will win many hearts, finally marrying the second son of Sir Thomas Lipton.

After taking a special course in gymnastics at the Posse Gymnasium, Boston, Miss Eva Mae Mears will accept the position of Gymnastic instructor in the Lynn High School, where she will form a new system far superior to the present Swedish system.

Evaline Smith Nickerson will be found in the scarlet fever ward in the New York General Hospital. Her philanthropic work will reach from sea to sea, and her name will go down in history as a second Clara Barton,

Bessie Parsons on receiving her high school diploma will depart immediately for South Africa, where she will engage in scientific research, in quest of a certain plant that will keep mosquitoes away from Harbor View Court.

Bertha Elizabeth Sanders and Miss Una Saunders, at the close of the high school year, will make an extended tour of the world. On their way home through China they will be so infatuated with the place that they will decide to make it their home and spend the rest of their lives there in unbroken indolence.

Nettie Mae Terry, whose desire for exploring can never be suppressed, will make extensive preparations for a ten year Arctic Sea trip. She will finally reach the north pole, in which she will burn her name and the names of all the members of '01.

As the last roll was opened, I suddenly awoke and found myself lying on the sand. The sun had long since sunk below the horizon and the stars began to twinkle as I slowly wended my way homeward thinking of the glorious future of the class of 1901.

C. Knight, '01.



Joys of Summer Weather.

I roam through the fields in the bright summer weather,
And sit 'neath the shade of the tall willow-tree;
I dance with glad feet o'er the sweet-smelling clover,
And rest on the shores of the beautiful sea.
I love the blue sky with its fleecy clouds sailing.
In fancy I live in the castles above;
I dwell in the heavens with joy never failing,
And fill all my life with a sweet pure love.

Lotta D. Jones, '01.

Ammonia Quartette.



RICHARD CONANT.

GEORGE DAVID.

EUGENE DIXON.

WALTER MORRIS.



An Ode to the Unknown.



OLDER ! Tin Cans ! red hot fun !

Ammonia, Ammonia, Nineteen One !”

What does this mean ? Don't ask me.

Ask the four D's. P'rhaps you'll see.

Why did Mr. Whitman cry ?

Ask him, *course* he'll tell you why.

N H₃ with pressure great,

Sends forth fumes which we all hate.

What does Solder ! Tin Cans ! mean ?

Well, we mustn't seem too green.

Someone money had to pay,

For, N H₃ is fun they say ;

Still that someone only smiled ;

Soon he seemed quite reconciled.

For, his bright companions four,

We surmise the losses bore.

Mention to them N H₃,

Smiles come, broad as broad can be.

If you'd the solution get

Of this queer mysterious set,

And the sins it has committed,

Ask, if you may be permitted.

Hand and heart join to protect

The Ammonia Quartette.

M. D. H. '01.

Great Desires of the 'Grave and Reverend.'

RICHARD K. CONANT:—*Matrimony.*

JOSEPH K. DUSTIN:—*To hear her say, "This is so sudden."*

LOTTIE R. LANE:—*To be a sister to them. married*

BERTHA E. MAHONY:—*A mathematical brain.*

CLARA L. NEWELL:—*Unattainable.*

MARGUERITE D. HASKELL:—*To live and learn.*

M. MARGUERITE BEATON:—*To travel.*

GENEVA M. BOWDEN:—*A trip to the moon. married*

ANNIE D. CHEVES:—*To write a book. married*

NELLIE M. DIXON:—*To be a second Patti. married*

CARRIE M. DAVIS:—*To travel. married 1910*

F. EUGENE DIXON:—*To be good. married*

FRANK S. ELLIOT:—*To have no enemies. married 1907*

ERNESTINE HARDING:—*To be a musician.*

GRACE E. HARADEN:—*To excel in music. married.*

MARY E. HODGDON:—*To travel. married*

LOTTA D. JONES:—*To be an elocutionist.*

EDITH GINNS:—*To grow tall.*

ETHEL M. GRAHAM:—*To go canoeing on Dedham River. married*

- ELIZABETH GREENLOW:—To see President McKinley smile. married
- JOHN H. LALLY:—To be on top of the hen coop. married
- RAYMOND W. LYLE:—To be stout. married
- EVA M. MEARS:—To be a second Mrs. Nation.
- EVALINE S. NICKERSON:—To be an old maid. married 1908
- BESSIE PARSONS:—To marry an admiral in the Swiss navy.
- BERTHA E. SANDERS:—To discover a new star.
- UNA SAUNDERS:—To go to Turkey. married
- NETTIE M. TERRY:—To go abroad.
- ANNIE M. WARNER:—To go to college.
- CHESTER A. BUTMAN:—To die.
- ANNIE CANNON:—To be slim. married
- WALTER P. DAY:—To be famous. married
- GEORGE A. DAVID:—To be left alone.
- ANNIE CORINNE HALL:—To be a nurse. married
- GEORGIETTA HARVEY:—To travel.
- ELLA H. GERRING:—To move off the Point.
- WALTER A. MORRIS:—To go to work.
- ETHEL M. THOMAS:—To teach school. married
- CARLTON KNIGHT:—To be a minister. married

Bluff. A Story of Basket Ball.



MR. BUDD held the letter close to his nose and carefully scrutinized the address.

"I'm quite sure it is mine," said the fluffy haired girl," softly but firmly.

"It's mine," declared the girl in the gray ulster.

"Now let's see," murmured the postmaster; "B-l-o-o-m-f-i-e-l-d—Bloomfield. Now that's the same for the both of you. Got any middle names?"

"E," said the fluffy haired girl.

"L," this from the other claimant with an impatient glance at the clock. There was a moment of suspense.

"As far's I can see, there ain't no middle letter on here," remarked Mr. Budd, as he laid the disputed article on his desk and gazed thoughtfully at the girls.

The fluffy haired individual stood on tiptoe and read the superscription. Then she gave a little chagrined cough. "S-a-r-a-h," she repeated, addressing the postmaster, but glancing from the corners of her eyes at her companion; "Remember, Mr. Budd, I never spell *my* name with an *h*."

Sarah L. snatched the letter and darted from the room, while Sara E. returned to a little group of girls who had watched the discussion with interest.

"I was quite sure it was mine," she said airily. "Why it had a seal and crest and the very latest notepaper. I wonder if Miss Bloomfield has many correspondents like that."

"Oh, Sara," giggled the girls.

"I wonder if she knows what the seal is," pursued Sara. "Perhaps she thinks it's chewing gum."

"Don't be silly," interrupted a tall girl who stood on the outer edge of the group, drawing on her gloves. "Sarah is not so green as you think. She can play basket ball."

Sara's face flushed. "Less time at basket ball and more to be ladylike, or even semi-civilized, would do her good," she retorted.

"There are others;" and with this parting shot the absent one's champion vanished through the door.

No one renewed the conversation, at least not on such a dangerous subject, and Sarah E. was allowed time to smooth her ruffled feelings, and to

glance at her pompadour in the little looking-glass over the postmaster's desk, a sight which always restored her good humor.

Meanwhile Sarah L. was pushing her way through the fine sifting snow, with her letter safe in her ulster pocket. Her cheeks glowed with a sense of triumph, and she fairly ran up the steps of a big, old-fashioned house at the junction of two broad country roads. Evidently no one was at home, nor expected to be, for without trying the door, Sarah drew a key from under the door-mat and entered the hall, which was already in a state of appalling disorder, having clearly been disarranged for several days. The daughter of the house added to the confusion by dropping her snowy overshoes at the foot of the stairs, and tossing her hat and coat somewhere in the direction of the hat rack. She held the letter in her hand, and now curling herself on a low broad stair, tore it open and prepared to read it. It was not very long, but as she read, her eyes opened wide and her cheeks grew pink with astonishment and delight.

Dear Sarah:—

Just a few words of the utmost importance. Of course you've heard me speak of my brother Max; well, next Tuesday, his basket ball team (he's captain, you know) is going to play your boy's team at your High School, and will stay over to the "hop" in the evening. Max doesn't know any of the girls, but I've told him about you, and he'll get introduced and take you to the "hop." Now, I know just how scared you are of boys, but he is a queer specimen. He hates "dolly" girls and I know he'll like you. If you aren't nice to him I'll scold you in my next letter.

Yours ever,

Barbara.

Sarah folded the letter and began to think. O, was it true? Was she really going to a party like the other girls? Could she interest Barbara's brother? Barbara had never seen her at home and didn't know how stupid she was! And Barbara would never have known her at all, if it hadn't been for that summer at the beach and that silly little boy. What if it was her cousin. He ought to have known better than to walk off the pier in broad daylight. Still she was glad she pulled him out, for now—O now, how she would get even with those hateful girls!

The hall was very dark. Sarah closed her eyes and saw a vision of herself in a gauzy yellow gown—she must have a new one, of course—accompanied by the redoubtable captain, and entering the hall amidst envious glances and murmurs of surprise.

"For mercy's sake, Sarah Bloomfield, what are you sitting here in the dark for? Come in here and light the lamp."

Sarah rose, and followed her mother, who continued in a high, fretful voice:

"I never saw anyone like you for crouching round in corners, always alone. I had company enough when I was a girl. I just met Laura Rivers and Phoebe Bloomfield's Sara and a whole crowd going down town together. They were talking about some kind of a basket ball party and every one of 'em had an invitation. Of course, you ain't had one."

She laughed scornfully. The match burned Sarah's fingers and she threw it into the stove. There was a bitter little smile on her lips, but her eyes were shining.

"I am going with the captain of the out-of-town team," she said slowly. Then she turned and ran up to her own room.

* * * * *

The two o'clock train steamed into the station, and Max Atherton stepped onto the platform, followed closely by his team. A little flutter ran through the cluster of expectant girls.

"Isn't he lovely?" whispered one enthusiastic damsel.

"Sh," chorused the others, "here he comes."

For Max had fumbled in his pocket in response to an invitation from the local captain to "come up and meet some of the girls," and having with some difficulty produced a card, requested to be introduced to Miss Sarah Bloomfield.

"All right," promised the captain, hurrying his prize toward the impatient young ladies, and a moment later Mr. Atherton and Miss Sara E. Bloomfield were mutually murmuring "pleased to meet you," while Sarah L. stood on the steps and watched them breathlessly. Max shot a careless glance at the tall girl who brushed past the group, and with crimson cheeks mounted her wheel and darted down the street; then he gazed in secret consternation at his companion who had begun to chatter briskly. Between monosyllabic replies, he found time to wonder "why on earth Barbara had wanted him to meet this girl—just the kind he detested. Shy? well she must have gotten bravely over it. Still for Barbara's sake—"

"He asked especially to meet her," said the captain from the rear, evidently defending himself from the angry reproaches of the girls.

Sara heard and flushed with delight, but a moment later she stared at Max in a bewildered way, when he said easily:

"You got my sister's letter, of course. I told her to write and ask you about the hop. Girls always have so many fol-de-rols to wear."

"Ye-es," said Sara, faintly, "of course."

"She told me how you saved Billy's life last summer at Nantucket. I tell you what, that was all right," continued he, warmly.

"Modest about that, anyhow," he thought, as Sara's face crimsoned again.

She knew now. It was not she whom he wanted. It was Sarah L., stupid Sarah. She must give up to her. No, she would not—and yet—

Max had plunged into an anecdote of school life, and she had time to weigh the question carefully. And yet when the gate was reached she was undecided. Should she tell him or should she not?

"I'll see you this afternoon at the game, Miss Bloomfield," said Max, as he raised his hat and turned to go.

"Yes," said Sara, and as she watched him out of sight, she knew that she had made her decision.

But Sarah L. was lying with her face buried in the faded scarlet sofa pillow, while her yellow gown in useless glory was folded carefully away in the big chest. She was crying, but she whispered to herself again and again: "She *will* tell; she *must* tell. O, she cannot be so mean." The clock struck three. The girl sat up.

"Well, she's decided to be about it then," said she aloud and very deliberately. Then rising, she bathed her eyes.

"I shall go to the game, for I can't stay away from that. And I'll let her know what I think of her, too—not before him, though. I'm not as mean as she is, but if I did that I should be. But I'll take Barbara's letter, and give it to her when I can get her alone, and tell her she may want it for points, or something like that. I suppose if I were an angel, I wouldn't do it, but to keep from telling on her is all I can manage for to-day;" and she even laughed a little as she put on her hat.

"I declare, I shall be too late for the boys' game, but never mind, as long as I am on time for my own. 'I'll show Miss Sara that I know what's what in basket ball, anyhow,'" and with a final twist of her collar, she left the house. At the dressing room door Laura let her hastily within.

"Get into your suit as soon as you can," she commanded briefly; "everyone is ready, and we must show our visitors that we can play a decent game if the boys can't. Our team got beaten, you know, 4 to 18. Isn't that horrid? Yes, Yes," to a girl who suddenly appeared at her side. "Tell the Seniors that we are ready when they are."

The two teams went in and took their places on the floor. The gymnasium was full, but Sarah glanced at the crowd only once. Then she discovered that Sara E. was seated in the front row with the victorious captain at her side.

"Play ball!" said a voice, and then the coveted brown sphere flew up into the air, and the game was on. A tall, nearsighted, nervous girl was Sarah's opponent, useful chiefly on account of her long arms and extra height. But alas! for the confidence reposed in her. She grew "rattled;" she clutched wildly for the ball where the ball was not; she used all her surplus energy in screaming, and threw ball after ball across to her opponents'



centre. The game for Sarah was narrowed down to this girl; she saw no others, but though she dogged the footsteps of the excited maiden, no opportunity was given her to distinguish herself, and she was rather surprised when she woke up at the end of the first half, and found the score 8 to 3 in Laura's favor. The struggle was to come.

During the interval, the tall forward was coaxed into a semi-rational state, and when the second half began, Sarah's difficulties multiplied. She rose to the occasion. Still the score crept up, 8 to 7. Then the long arms came into play. 8 to 8. Sarah set her teeth. "I'll pretend it's that-that Sara," she muttered to herself, and then—oh then the ball was mysteriously knocked from the tall girl's hands and went spinning across the field. A moment of suspense—then back it came. The tall girl gasped for breath, and looked at Sarah in amazement. For she twisted, she wriggled, she fought tooth and nail. Only half a minute more! Ah, she has the ball at last though her knees are black and blue; and then, O joy, it rose in the air and fell in Laura's outstretched hands; a second more, and just as the umpire called "time," it fell into the basket and the game was won.

"Who's that girl who plays guard on the Junior team—that one there?" asked Max, as the defeated Seniors raised a weak cheer for the conquerors.

But Sara was looking the other way, and did not answer. The audience was dispersing.

"Perhaps you would like to have me show you over our schoolhouse," proposed Sara, and her escort assented.

"I'd like to look over this apparatus a bit," he said glancing about the gymnasium."

"Then perhaps you won't mind staying here while I see Laura. There she goes out of the door. I'll be back in a moment," said Sara, hastily, as she elbowed her way through the crowd.

The minute passed. "I may as well look around on my own hook," thought Mr. Atherton, opening the door on his right. "Ah, the dressing room, and—why, I guess somebody's lost a letter," as a white square on the floor just beyond the threshold caught his eye. Stepping forward, he picked it up.

"Miss Sarah Bloomfield—h'm;" then as he glanced at the monogram, "why it's Barbara's letter!"

"Oh, my letter; please give it to me," cried an anxious voice behind him, and the girl whom he had noticed in the game, eagerly held out her hand.

"Your letter?" demanded he, in astonishment. "It's Miss Bloomfield's."

"I know it," said Sarah, desperately.

"So sorry to have kept you waiting," called Sara E. from the doorway. And then she saw Sarah L. and the letter, and grew very pale.

"Is this your letter?" asked Max soberly.

Sara E. took it and flashed an imploring glance at Sarah L.

"Excuse me, but you see—it was a mistake," said Max to the girl at his side.

"Yes, a mistake," echoed she grimly, with a look at Sara E. which sent the blood to that young lady's cheek. Then she moved toward the door.

Sara E. burst into tears, "You are so mean, Sarah Bloomfield," she sobbed. "You act just as if you thought I-I meant it. I w-was only joking—so now. I was ju-just going to tell." She turned and ran from the room, and the two left behind her heard the outer door slam noisily.

"Please explain matters," said Max.

Sarah explained.

"But *she wasn't* going to tell," said he.

"O, perhaps she was," said Sarah, charitably, but under her breath she added; "and perhaps she wasn't."

"And you weren't going to tell on her," continued he, with a look of wonder.

"No," said Sarah, awkwardly.

There was a pause.

"Please go to the hop with me, Miss Sarah L. Bloomfield," smiled Max.

"I should be very happy to," said Sarah, simply.

M. S. Rowe, '02.

1902.

Colors: White and gold.

Class Officers.

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

Horace Ford,
Eveline Lyle,
m'08 Edwin Marshall,
m Warren Swett.

Members.

Mary E. Ahearn,
Agnes A. Alexander,
m 19'02 Alice S. Babson,
Bessie J. Barber,
m 19'08 Addison G. Brooks,
d Sadie L. Blackburn,
m 19'08 Maggie E. Brown,
Marion Burnham,
Mary G. Collins,
m 19'08 Edith Crowe,
m 19'10 Helen C. Dustin,
m Horace S. Ford,
m Helen B. Frost,
m Sally Garland,
m Leonard Herne,
m Ada H. Holland,
m Timothy Holloran,
m Belle S. Kerr,
Dora M. Lawson,
Helen F. Livingston,

Eveline B. Lyle,
Wm. J. MacInnis,
Daniel A. Mahony,
m Edwin R. Marshall,
m Winifred Marshall,
John McLoud,
m 19'11 Edward B. Rowe,
m Madeline S. Rowe,
m Susie M. Rowe,
m George A. Rust,
Elizabeth C. Smith,
m d Marion Smith,
Marion F. Stickney,
m Warren L. Swett,
m Sherman A. Swift,
m 19'10 Alphonso R. Tarr,
m Stephen B. Warner,
Annie L. Watson,
m Charles F. Wetterer,
m Clara E. Wheeler,

Bessie S. Woodbury.

Business Course.

Leroy Adams,
Harry Anderson,
David Bagnell,
Edith Beeman,
m Caroline Brown,

m Olive Lloyd,
John Londergon,
Evelyn Mallet,
Wendell Maushardt,
Edwina Marchant,

Business Course 1902.

Laura Brown,
Annie Carls,
Clarence Cavanaugh,
John Chane,
Alice Colby,
Leo Comeau,
Joseph A. Conley,
Grace Crawford,
~ Bessie Crawley,
Edith Cunningham,
Cora Dennison,
~ Brant M. Dexter,
Ethel Dixon,
Tony Enos,
Nellie Erwin,
Blanche Fosberry,
d Winslow Friend,
Ralph Gordon,
m'io Ethel Gray,
Annie Hall,
~ Teresa Handran,
Elizabeth Hannan,
Ralph Harvey,
Della Hodsdon,
Arthur Holland,
d Ethel Holmes,
Herbert Knowlton,
Lillian Linnekin,
James Livingston,

Alton S. Marshall,
Helen McDonnell,
Jennie McMahon,
Cora Merry,
Georgietta Monroe,
~ Alberta Morehouse,
Harold Morgan,
Angus Morrison,
James Murphy,
Hannah Nagle,
Katherine O'Neill,
Eleazer Noble,
Mable Pierce,
Ernest Piper,
George Powers,
James Robb,
Katherine Rice,
Agnes Sinclair,
~ Ida Sorenson,
~ William Stevens,
Harold Tarr,
Bradley Thomas,
~ Fannie Thomas,
Pearl Tucker,
William Welch,
~ Ethel Whitehouse,
~ Christina Whittey,
~ Harold Wolfe.



History of '02.



THE career of '02 began in a very auspicious manner. On our first morning at this school, we were ushered into the study room amid the applause of the upper classmen. We all thought that we were particularly attractive in some way, although we couldn't see just how. We didn't get "lost" more than eight times during the first week, which was a good record considering how green we were. At recess we overran "Pa" Herrick's lunch-counter, but after the newness wore off, we found that cream-cakes and hot dogs did not "go" well together.

We all liked the drill and thought we must look pretty well as we strutted around with those nice little pop-guns which were warranted not to go off. Toward the end of the year we almost forgot we were Freshmen, but when we came home from Lynn on the regimental field day, some of us thought that if we had carried bibs to use at dinner, we should have had less ice cream on our clothes.

Then came Sophomore year and we began to progress rapidly. We elected officers and chose class colors and pins. We also began to develop individually. "Bernie Harrison began to show great athletic ability, while Brooks leaned toward decorating,—especially school-books—an art which he still retains; Wetterer began the cultivation of forgetfulness; Herne sought bicycle honors by daily sprinting up Great Hill; Ford took anti-fat treatment; and Swift (that thin boy) daily consumed bottles of health restorer. Marshall dared venture to school with a black "dip" on, for which he received the censure of the Juniors, who, by the way, seemed to think they were the only people having any rights at all in the school. The Seniors in their year book "called down" our class on account of the "twosing," as they termed it; but you see, they had to fill the book with something and that served to take up space.

The year wore on and our class membership wore off, for some of us were graduated before the end of the course. Once more the two field days were at hand, and our Sophomore year was ended.

Then we found ourselves—let it be spoken with bated breath—Juniors, and decided that it was necessary to begin to have a little dignity. It was a hard task. Imagine "Ton" Tarr, our discoverer and man of letters, and "Willie," becoming dignified. Imagine our literary student and editor,

Rowe, or Mahony, who, beside being an apt ball player, has a weakness for dog fights, or Holloran, the pugilist, conducting themselves with dignified mien. Still, these difficulties are being overcome. Although Swett does delight in bringing up discussions that cannot be discussed, and McCloud has inherited "Denny" Clark's blushing ability, yet we live. Warner holds the record for taking home the fewest books, while "Doughhead" has decided to take up the stage as his profession. Thus do our minds turn.

It would not be proper to enumerate the young ladies in such a manner, nor would it be policy for the historian to do so; he has a little regard for his life but, nevertheless, there are several young ladies of noughty-two who are destined to become either novelists or literary critics, and as for basket ball—well, ask the Senior girls, they'll tell you. We are glad to state, although the boys find it hard to be dignified, yet it comes much easier to the young ladies, even if one of them was obliged to stand in a chair, last year.

And now, as the end of the year is drawing nigh, we find ourselves looking forward to the time when we shall be the successors of those under whose auspices this book is edited. During these last three years we have had examples in the upper classes, (some good, some bad) but next year *we* must set the example and then—Zeus pity the followers!

'02.





CLASS OF 1903

1903.

Colors: Green and gold.

Class Officers.

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

Myron Tarr,
~ Edith D. Elwell,
Helen B. Merchant,
Charles Sullivan.

Class Members.

~'11 Everett A. Allen,
Hattie K. Allen,
Herman S. Bradley,
John Burns,
~ Harold Burnham,
Charles Barry,
Teresa M. Barry,
~ Blanche Brooks,
Bessie M. Burnham,
Mable Burnham,
Dorothy Burnham,
George Cunningham,
~ Anna Chisholm,
~'11 Nellie S. Clarke,
Annie L. Coath,
~ Edith Elwell,
~ Alfred Fenton,
~'11 Lillian R. Fitzpatrick,
~ Roger Gale,
~'10 Agnes Garland,
~ Bessie C. Gray,

~ Inez M. McPhetres,
~ Margaret McEachern,
~ Eva F. McLellan,
Mary K. McKinnon,
Jennie McLellan,
Helen B. Merchant,
Florence A. Nelson,
~ Marion T. Newcomb,
Norman Olsen,
~ Ella Oakes,
Annie E. O'Brien,
Arthur H. Parsons,
William Presson,
~ Geneva Palmer,
Alice T. Power,
~ Esther Powers,
~ Helen Procter,
Effie Poole,
Howard Quimby,
~'10 Eliot Rogers,
~ Annie C. Reid,

1903.

~ Jennie B. Greenlow,
~ Milton Hall,
~ Lester Harrison,
~ Herbert F. Hartwell,
d William Henderson,
~ William Hodgdon,
Jeannette Healey,
~ Lila A. Hillier,
Albert Jacobs,
Alice A. Jones,
Harold Lawrie,
~ Fred Lycett,
d Luie Lane,
Harry McIsaac,
~ Fred MacRobert,
~ Howard McDonald,
Martha Wonson,

~ Chesley York.

~ Miriam Rice,
d Grace M. Riley,
Amanda Rowe,
Kenneth Shute,
~ Charles Sullivan,
~ Margie Severance,
Grace O. Smothers,
Myron Tarr,
~ Ruth W. Thayer,
Eva M. Torrey,
d Agnes K. Tracy,
Eugene Webster,
Sumner Y. Wheeler,
~ Harold Wonson,
Stuart B. Wilkins,
~ Bertha M. Woodbury,
d Florence K. Wonson,



History of 1903.

During the year of 1899, some members of the eighth grade of the Grammar Schools were invited by the School Committee to forego the joys and honors of a graduation in the ensuing year and enter at once upon a five years' course in the High School. We promptly accepted and became members of the great and glorious G. H. S., not quite knowing whether we were Freshmen or what, but the grave and dignified Seniors speedily enlightened us and honored us with the title of "Mr. B's Babies," to which we willingly responded at that early time. Said babies were conducted happily and wisely through their first year, thus experiencing few of the ills that sometimes befall innocent infants.

We were then joined by those who entered in 1900 to take the regular four years' course, and upon them bestowed all the advice which had been given us by our elders, and as much more as we could think of. During this year, the students of the classical course became quite well acquainted with the laboratory where experiments in Physics were made. We found them very interesting, in spite of sundry small and glassy mishaps that shall be nameless here. However the year passed on with no very important events and no more than the usual number of Freshman mistakes.

At the opening of school in Sept., 1901, the class found themselves Sophomores, and assumed with great ease the customary air of elation and inflation said to belong to that stage of progress. We received an introduction to Nepos and Cæsar, (for whom we formed a strong attachment) and also began to discover the intricate methods of arriving at "Q. E. D.," while some of us were initiated into the mysteries of "Hoi Stratiotai Kurou." During this year we have become better acquainted with each other and elected class officers and obtained pretty souvenirs in the shape of green and gold class pins. Two class socials have been held in Harmony Hall. Although we have not reached the acme of success in socials, still both were well attended.

The boys have been up to the mark in drill and the proudly-displayed chevrons of the Non-Coms. of '03 have been well earned. When the officers of the battalion decided to hold a fair in aid of the school, 1903 did her part in making it a success, and realized a neat sum from the sales at the tastefully decorated apron table.

As a class, our High School journey is half completed and with us now it is "not so much what we have been, but what we shall be."

Miriam Rice, '03.

G. H. S. Boys' Basket Ball Teams.

'03. (Champions).

Charles Sullivan, f.

Harold Burnham, f.



Aylmer Brown, g. (Capt).

Eugene Webster, g.

William Rowe, c.

'04.

Brant Dexter, f.

Wendell Maushardt, f.

Clarence Cavanaugh, g.

Delmont Bradley, g.

Charles Lufkin, c. (Capt).

'02.

Albert Jacobs, f.

Charles Wetterer, f.

Edwin Marshall, g. (Capt).

Daniel Mahony, g.

Timothy Holloran, c.

'01.

Richard Conant, f.

Eugene Dixon, f.

Raymond Lyle, g.

Maurice Mahony, g.

Walter Morris, c. (Capt).

*The Sophomores' Social.



CENE :—Harmony Hall.

Time :—When *Freshmen* were in Flower.

Enter Sophomore Class, led by president ; followed by suppers bearing bowls of punch and plates of fudge.

Solo by President.

This is the class of oughty-three.

We.

We're the only class as you can see.

We.

[Chorus]. We are the class of ought-three
A jolly, real jolly, good class, are we.
This noble class of oughty-three.

[All bow to the bowls which have been placed on a table. Exit singing :]

How can we bear to leave thee ?
We could not bear to grieve thee.
Be never sad but think thee,
We'll soon *return* and drink thee.

[Stage darkened ; loud noises from above. Enter Freshmen on tip-toe.
Song by Freshmen].

We are the Freshmen,
That you see ;
And we are here
To down oughty-three.

[Proceed to drink all the punch and eat all the fudge. Song by Freshman quartette].

'Tis really very good:
We dub it Carrie Nation.
Drinking punch and eating fudge,
'S a very pleasant occupation.

[Dark Shift. Scene changes. Scene: Hall above].

[Loud noises from below.—Song by President].

I think someone is at the gate,
I really must investigate.

[Exit President. Sophs. proceed to play Wink. Re-enter President. Song by President].

Sad news I have to tell.
The freshmen are below.
'Tis horrible, but—well
They've drank our punch you know.

[Enter Freshmen with loud yells. A free fight ensues. Chairs smashed, etc. Noise ceases. Song by Sophomores].

The fight is o'er
We've won the day
The freshmen dead,
No more can play.

[Sound of band playing "Catch a Farmer." Enter Lady and school committee, followed by super bearing a sign on which is written, "*Five dollars for repairs.*" Collapse of Sophs]. Curtain.

Harold Wonson, '03.

* This operetta is founded upon fact.

Class of 1904.

Thos. P. Abbott,
 Mabel P. Aiken,
 ~~~~~ Lizzie L. Allen,  
 ~~~~~ Maggie M. Archie,  
 ~~~~~ M. Olive Austin,  
 ~~~~~ Ella J. Bagley,  
 ~~~~~ Helen W. Bennett,  
 ~~~~~ Charles D. M. Bishop,  
 d Genesta M. Bowie,
 Delmont Bradley,
 Ethel Bradstreet,
 Harold A. Brown,
 Laura Brown,
 Dorothy Burnham,
 ~~~~~ Fletcher J. Burnham,  
 ~~~~~ Frank Cahoon,  
 ~~~~~ Lizzie M. Cameron,  
 ~~~~~ Margaret E. Canavan,  
 ~~~~~ Madeline B. Chard,  
 ~~~~~ Ethel M. Clark,  
 ~~~~~ Wm. H. Coffin,  
 ~~~~~ Lilian Comerford,  
 ~~~~~ Margaret V. Couley,  
 ~~~~~ Olive R. Cook,  
 ~~~~~ L. Ethel Crispin,  
 ~~~~~ Olive A. Crispin,  
 d Wm. Cronin,
 ~~~~~ James Cunningham,  
 ~~~~~ Winthrop O. Davis,  
 ~~~~~ Jessie O. Day,  
 ~~~~~ Enslo S. Dixon,  
 ~~~~~ Wm. R. Ferguson,  
 ~~~~~ Hester P. Fisher,  
 ~~~~~ Jennie B. Forbes,  
 ~~~~~ Leland Frost,  
 ~~~~~ Betsey Garland,  
 ~~~~~ Helen S. Grant,  
 ~~~~~ Charles A. Gray,  
 ~~~~~ James C. Greeley,  
 ~~~~~ Chas. Greenleaf,  
 ~~~~~ Lizzie M. Greenwood,  
 ~~~~~ Agnes L. Grover,  
 ~~~~~ Ada M. Hanson,

C. Harold Hilton,
 ~~~~~ Henry Hilton,  
 ~~~~~ Ruth E. Hodgdon,  
 ~~~~~ Hattie J. Hodgkins,  
 ~~~~~ Henry Hurwitz,  
 ~~~~~ Arthur J. Jacobs,  
 ~~~~~ Annie S. Johnson,  
 ~~~~~ Mary E. Kaime,  
 ~~~~~ Ella G. King,  
 ~~~~~ Wilhelmina Leveau,  
 ~~~~~ Esther Luce,  
 ~~~~~ Marion E. Luce,  
 ~~~~~ Chas. Lufkin,  
 ~~~~~ Susan B. Mailman,  
 ~~~~~ Ernest W. McCaleb,  
 ~~~~~ Lena J. McFarland,  
 ~~~~~ Mary F. McMillan,  
 ~~~~~ Ernest Merchant,  
 ~~~~~ Roy D. Merchant,  
 ~~~~~ A. Estelle Mitchell,  
 ~~~~~ Agnes C. Morse,  
 ~~~~~ Susie G. Morse,  
 ~~~~~ Anna L. Nelson,  
 ~~~~~ Edith M. Overbeck,  
 ~~~~~ Alice M. Parsons,  
 d Edward L. Parsons,
 ~~~~~ Helen S. Purdy,  
 ~~~~~ Arthur L. Rowe,  
 ~~~~~ Everett W. Rowe,  
 ~~~~~ Margaret M. Ruth,  
 ~~~~~ Raymond Sanders,  
 ~~~~~ Sarah M. Smith,  
 ~~~~~ Brenda P. Spates,  
 ~~~~~ Earl Stafford,  
 ~~~~~ Harry Strangman,  
 ~~~~~ Paul Tappan,  
 ~~~~~ Robert F. Thompson,  
 ~~~~~ Arthur S. Torrey,  
 ~~~~~ Hattie B. Varney,  
 ~~~~~ Hazel O. Vautier,  
 ~~~~~ Gertrude D. Wheeler,  
 ~~~~~ Lizzie M. Wheeler,  
 ~~~~~ Forest C. Wonson,

Stuart B. Wilkins.

## The Class of 1904.



N the twentieth of June, 1900, a beautiful summer day, this swarm of bees was captured at the City Hall. All who have ever witnessed the capturing of a swarm of bees know how ludicrous the preparations are. Whether the capturing of our swarm was as laughable as most, I cannot say, for I was not a spectator. There were about one hundred and seventy-six of us then, but as we allowed no drones, and for various other reasons, a number have left our swarm since then. We were free for eleven weeks, and then deposited in the busy hive of the Gloucester High School.

We always work and play in earnest. For this reason, we have no time to get into such mischief as one swarm has been known to do. We always get the best honey, for we are the earliest in search of it. Whenever any member of the hive is commended, it is usually one of our swarm. It would seem that life would be dreary with much work and little play, but when we have such a humorist as one of our members is known to be, it is a very enjoyable matter. Our leader, too, enjoys a good joke, and knows how to make one.

We are a very active swarm and one branch of our work is to keep ourselves so. The whole hive takes the same exercises, but of course, we are by far the most proficient, considering our years of practice; for we enjoy it, and put all our energy into what we are doing. One member of our swarm is obliged to try many times before getting over the ropes; but this is just an example of our determination to succeed.

If in the course of twenty years, a particularly brilliant little bee is heard from, in the State House or any other position no matter how high; it will undoubtedly be a graduated member of our swarm.

# The Gloucester High School---A Brief History.



HE attempt to tell the story of the Gloucester High School with "twelve hundred words or less" is an invitation to the critic to sharpen his quill; will Mr. Critic, therefore, please accept an advance supply of apologies for any trifling errors or inaccuracies that are likely to appear and so feel at liberty to more worthily employ himself.

According to the best information obtainable, the High School, as such, was established in 1850. About that time a building for the purpose was erected on Mason street, and two departments (really two schools) were opened, for boys and girls respectively. Moses Patten was appointed principal of the former, and Maria L. Rogers of the latter. Their successors in order of service up to the time of the consolidation of the schools were: Of Mr. Patten, Messrs. Charles J. Adams, John S. Chamberline, Leonard R. Ferris, Peter Ripley, Samuel C. Cotton, William B. Greene, George B. Brooks, Richard H. Stone and S. G. Cowdrey. Following Miss Rogers in the principalship of the Girls' School came Mary I. Wyman, Lucy E. Temple, Robert E. Babson, Eliza O. Mansfield, Mary A. Cogswell and Florence Foster.

Before their consolidation, and possibly for a few months afterward, the two schools were domiciled on Mason street; but in 1865, or thereabouts, the Mt. Vernon building offered superior attractions and for two years the combination occupied the aforesaid heights under the charge of Stillman Rice. At the end of that period it returned to its original home. The proposition to unite the two schools was received with openness of mouth, if not of heart, and the experiment entered upon with much sagacious shaking of the head. The "family" was cited as a sample and safe institution for the co-training of the sexes; why not the school? A favorable experience of more than thirty-five years has settled the question.

Mr. Rice remained at the head of the school until 1869, his successor being M. R. Gaines, who occupied the position for a brief period only. Mr. Gaines was succeeded by C. E. Swett. Then came J. H. Hunt, with eleven years of service, followed in 1884, by the present efficient principal, A. W. Bacheler.

Soon after the return of the school to its Mason street lodgings, its

cramped quarters made it uncomfortable, and for several years was heard its annual appeal, "Build a more stately mansion, powers that be." After numerous lapses of time, and collapses of patience, a response came in the form of an "annex," whose stateliness did not unduly foster pride. Said annex furnished some additional room, but failed to meet actual needs. Outside accommodations were sought, and then the "architectural patch-work" known as the High School House began to command deserved attention. No glass case for preserving it being at hand, public opinion was fast crystallizing into a demand for its speedy removal and post mortem ceremonies. Cremation made the latter unnecessary. Simultaneously with the taking of needful official steps toward a new building the old fabric was reduced to ashes, and its timely departure illumined the situation. The present commodious structure, built upon an enlarged lot, was the happy outcome. While it was in process of construction, the school was fragmentarily housed,—at City Hall, in the vestry of the Congregational Church, at the Dale Avenue Engine House, and the second story of the Babson building. The new house was completed in August, 1889, and on the 29th of that month was appropriately dedicated. It was a glad day for the school when, at the opening of the fall term, its colonies were re-united under one roof, and, re-enforced by an unusually large entering class, began for the first time under favorable circumstances a year of High School work. A business department was added, and has vigorously flourished for nearly twelve years. Other courses of study were soon afterwards revised and enriched.

In 1865, when the schools were consolidated, the whole number of registered pupils was 71. During the fall term of 1889 the membership reached 301. Since then there has been a healthy numerical increase, and the maximum number, 338, indicating the total enrollment for 1900, is commendatory of the foresight that provided an edifice which at the time of its construction was heralded by those of doleful vision as "an elephant on the hands of the community." It may be briefly added that the school has a home for which it need not blush, and the city a High School in which she takes just pride. About sixty names of its graduates may yearly be found in various college catalogues, a fact significant of the forceful influences permeating the school. Only those who dote on antiquities are minded to bewail the broadening educational tendencies of the present and sigh for the limitations of former days. All who enjoy the rising sun can afford to

treat such mourners with charitable tenderness, and reverently let them sigh.

It would be interesting to see on record many experiences of the teachers whose faithful services during the half century of the school's existence constitute an important part of its history. A complete story of the school should include the post-graduate accomplishments of its boys and girls, whose integrity of life and conduct has reflected the character of its teachings.

A goodly list of names of those who have attained eminent success in business and professional life might be given as appropriately belonging to High School history. An account of the military organization, with its worthy purposes, earnest efforts, creditable exhibitions in competition for Haskell medals, and well-earned victories over formidable opponents, is an important factor in the story. The practical generosity of a widely-known benefactress shown in providing a home in the High School building for calisthenics, together with skilled service that has been so far-reaching in its results, should be recorded as an essential part of even a brief history of the Gloucester High School. The inspiring influence of those who were prominent in the direction of educational affairs in the early days of the school cannot be overlooked. Hon. John J. Babson, Benjamin H. Corliss, Deacon George Garland, and in more recent years, Dr. Charles H. Hildreth and Alfred F. Stickney (not to mention many now living) are names that must be linked with all that is best in the aims and attainments of the school.

So far from being an apologist for existing, or an expensive luxury, High School has come to be one of the necessities of life,—an essential factor in the school economy of the city. It aims to prepare its boys and girls not merely for a business position or the college examination; it would inspire them with an ambition to raise the business or professional standard to a higher plane than that of self-aggrandizement. The vigor and promise with which it begins its second half-century suggest that the Gloucester High School is to be congratulated upon being fifty years young.

## Girls' Basket Ball Team.

'01.

Georgietta Harvey, f.

Anna A. Chisholm, '03, g.

Marguerite D. Haskell, f. (Capt.).

Lottie R. Lane, g.

Annie M. Warner, c.

'02.

Bessie Smith, f.

Dorothy Burnham, g.

Tina Whittey, f. (Capt.)

Evelyn Lyle, g.

Helen Dustin, c.

Mollie Rowe, c.

'04.

Helen Brown, f.

Helen Purdy, g.

Agnes Grover, f.

Ella King, g.

Hattie Varney, c.

Seddie Smith, c.

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### To the Basket Ball Girl.

Haste thee girl, and bring with thee,  
Sweater and a locker key;  
Take them to the G. A. C.  
And interview the referee,  
That you may by basket ball,  
Cause the Juniors such a fall!  
And in thy right hand take with thee,  
The chewing gum, for players free,  
And if they beat, e'en six to three,  
Won't they feel big, Hully Gee!!  
To have outdone by practised tricks,  
The Seniors that unpracticed six.

M. D. Haskell, '01.

## Primus Seniorum.



N the prehistoric ages,  
In a forest dark and deep,  
Where the moss hung in clusters,  
And the sunbeams could not creep,  
Lived our ancestors paternal  
When the earth was green and vernal—  
And they swung from bough to bough,  
In a manner—you know how,  
While their tails so long and slender  
Waved about, as they do now.

While the others skipped and frolicked  
In their happy, careless way,  
One small monkey, pensive, thoughtful,  
Watched, but did not join their play.  
He was not content to hurry  
Thro' the treetops in a flurry,  
Or to land with awkward jump  
On a limb or mossy stump,  
There to chatter with a brother  
Whom he'd frightened by the thump.

But one day these jolly brethren  
Missed his melancholy face,  
And for many months that followed,  
He was absent from his place ;  
Till one day in summer weather,  
As they frisked about together,  
They could see the distant trees  
Shaken, as if by the breeze,  
While a loud triumphant jabber  
Sent them down upon their knees.

But their fear was turned to wonder  
And their sudden fright to awe,  
When they recognized their brother  
Sitting with extended paw ;  
And from his exalted station  
He addressed the monkey nation,  
Hanging by his tail or toe,  
Darting to a limb below,  
With a grace his awkward brothers  
Watched with mingled joy and woe.

More or less than twenty summers,  
He, the champion renowned,  
Lived, a model and example  
To his brothers all around,  
As he scampered up a banyan,  
Each would say to his companion :  
“ Look ! there goes the great I-I ;  
Watch him as he hurries by.  
Ah ! if we could but do likewise !  
Up, again, and let us try.”

Where the forest stood, are cities,  
Monkeys have advanced to men ;  
But those traits of human nature  
Still are with us, now, as then,  
For with scarce a fault amended,  
There are those who have descended  
From that I-I, swift and fleet  
With his agile little feet,  
And his —— let me whisper softly ——,  
Most unsuff’rable conceit.

O ye selfsufficient Seniors,  
Learn this lesson from my lay,  
That your proud and haughty bearing  
Does not always win the day,  
For ’tis better to be quiet  
Than to stir up such a riot,  
And bequeath to some poor wight  
All your failings, never slight,  
While your genius much diluted  
Trickles quickly out of sight.

And although you leave us memories  
Of your skill at basket ball,  
And although your famous glee club  
Lives within the ears of all,  
Though your aptitude for learning  
Sets our hearts with envy burning,  
Ere your sojourn here is done,  
Drop your noses from the sun ——  
Let the modest violet blossom  
’Round the name of ’oughty-one !

## Can it be?



N eager crowd of Senior boys and girls were gathered in the Hall, chattering like Frenchmen, and one could plainly see that something of importance was being discussed.

"Honest now, I don't believe that it's possible for a girl to keep a secret," said James Fiske, a dark-eyed good-looking boy with a scornful glance towards the girls who stood round about.

"H'm, try us and see," broke out a bright maiden, "What do you say, girls? Let's challenge the boys to find out the title of our drama and who are to take the parts."

"All right," cried all the boys in chorus, "we'll take it."

"Well if you don't find out before six o'clock on the night of the play, you will have to give us a grand supper, but if you do find it out, we'll give one to you and acknowledge besides that it is impossible to keep anything secret from a boy," rejoined the girls.

"One month to worm a secret out of twenty girls! Oh what a snap!" cried the boys and they were off, for the bell had struck and recess was at an end.

For many years it had been the habit of the Senior girls to form a Greek letter society and wind up the year with an entertainment of some sort. It was always intended that the program of the evening should be a surprise to everybody but so far the news had always leaked out, until now it was regarded as an assured fact that everybody would know what the class of '01 would do. But '01 was different from all other classes which had gone before.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was just one week left before the evening of the play and the boys had not yet found out anything of importance. They had tried every conceivable plan; they talked to the girls themselves, to their friends, and even to their mothers; they followed the girls to rehearsals, they tried to bribe the

janitor, but everywhere they met with closed lips and closed doors. At last, thinking that their affairs were in rather a desperate condition, they called a meeting to see what they should do.

"We can't let those girls get ahead of us," said one of the group. "We must find some way, fair or foul."

"We might besiege the hall where they practice, and not let them have anything to eat 'til they tell," said one poor fellow, scratching his head wildly.

"Put him out," cried a voice from behind, but silence followed, for everybody was thinking deeply.

"Gosh, but I never thought of that before! I know what we'll do. We'll get somebody into the hall where they rehearse and we'll have the girls invite them too. Hip, hip, hurrah!!" cried James, enthusiastically.

"How? How?" asked the boys, "They would not ask a boy, and the girls won't tell."

"You wait; you know that fellow I told you about last summer, Henry Johnson?" said James to the throng of listeners. "Well, I'll have him appear as a girl. He's just full of the Dickens, and he'd be glad of the chance, besides he can do it to perfection."

"Where on earth would he get his hair? What would he call himself? How would he be introduced? What sort of a waist could he show?" were the questions which poured in torrents upon James, but he was silent thinking.

After this the boys wore a more confident air, and James's sister Mollie explained, "When boys are quiet you may be sure something is going to happen."

\* \* \* \*

The door-bell rang at the Fiske home, and when the maid answered it, she saw a very stylishly dressed young lady who inquired for Mr. Fiske. Mrs. Fiske walked into the reception room, and "Oh Golly," said Henry afterward, "I would not go through that again for a hundred dollars. She looked; oh how she looked at me! I felt as if she knew that my ribbon wasn't quite straight and my gloves too tight and my hat rather 'wibbly wobbly.' But she was

very cordial, and said there were many of Mr. Fiske's cousins whom she had never seen nor heard of, and it was too bad that Mr. Fiske him-



self was in the South. "She would be delighted to entertain me, and wasn't I the daughter of the younger sister who married and went west?"

"Of course I must not leave, but stay and meet her two children James and Mollie, and attend the drama which the High School girls would give the next evening."

In the evening many of James' friends dropped in, but of course it was strictly on business.

"Say James, she's just out of sight! 'Ain't she stunning?" "I'm going to invite her to go to the drama with me." These were the words of admiration which assailed James when Marion (as he called himself) left the room for a minute.

On the day of the drama she was to drive with James but unfortunately (?) he was called away, and as he left the house he called to his sister, "Mollie, won't you entertain Marion this afternoon? I can't be here."

A rather disappointed look came across Mollie's face as she said, "We have a dress rehearsal this afternoon," but then she brightened up, "Perhaps the girls would let her come, since she must go home and not see us this evening. I'll see mother."

"All right," she called out a few minutes later, "I'll see to her."

James' heart bounded with hope. He thought at last there was some chance of success, and Marion on his part did not weary of his feminine character, but made a very jolly lass and was delighted with the thought of outwitting—a girl.

"What is the name of the drama?" asked Marion, with an innocent expression as they walked towards the Hall.

"Things are not always what they seem," came the ominous reply.

"What?" Marion exclaimed in amazement, but when the answer was repeated he discovered that that was really the name and no personal allusion was meant.

Then Mollie told him the story of the play and how they had contrived to keep it from the boys.

"Why, one day I nearly let it out myself," continued Mollie unsuspectingly, "James came up to a crowd of us girls and after talking for awhile he broke out, 'Who has the boy's part?' 'I was just going to say the girl's name, when somebody pinched me and I was saved.'"

No suspicion came to the girls on that afternoon and they played the whole thing with hardly a mistake. Just before four o'clock Marion re-

membered that he had a letter to be mailed immediately and he started to go out with his head full of names and characters, but just as he reached the steps, alas! he tripped in his skirts and fell flat. Everybody rushed to pick him up, but he was stunned, and as the girls bathed his head; Oh horrors! His wig came off.



Shrieks filled the air. "What shall we do?" cried Mollie in consternation, thinking that she was to blame for the whole thing. "The wretch!" "Those horrible boys!"

"You might know they would do something mean."

"Hold on, we'll be even with them yet. Give me a pencil and paper, quick," and a tall girl hurriedly wrote the name of a false play and characters, addressing the note to James Fiske and explaining that she was hurriedly called home. Signing Marion's name to the note, she gave it to a small boy in the neighborhood. They laid Marion, who was still faint, upon the sofa, and guarded the locked doors until seven o'clock when he was allowed to go.

\* \* \* \* \*

That evening, the ushers were triumphantly passing out programs which read this way:

#### THE BOYS HAVE FOUND OUT.

#### COMUS—IS ITS TITLE.

|              |                  |
|--------------|------------------|
| Thyrsis,     | Miriam Knight.   |
| Comus,       | Ellen Wetherbee. |
| The Lady,    | Carrie Adams.    |
| 1st Brother, | Beatrice Cole.   |
| 2nd Brother, | Jennie Dalton.   |
| Sabrina,     | Fannie Marston.  |

Are the Characters.

But when the curtain rose, the words appeared.

"THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS

WHAT THEY SEEM."

'Twas a rather shamefaced set of boys who sat in those front seats, that evening, and 'twas not strange that the supper was not given on *that* at least.

Lottie R. Lane, '01.

## The Glee-Club.



AY Bill," said Jim, the cabby,  
To his mate, the other day,  
"I hear they've formed a glee-club,  
In the high school cross de way."

"You've got it straight, dere, pardner,"  
Said William with a smile.

"But say, when I hears 'em singing,  
My blood do really bile."

"Is it really as bad as that, then?"  
As his off-horse gives a squeal  
And the end of a heavy wagon  
Collides with his right hind wheel.

"Oh no, but you've heard dat poem,  
Of de girl wid de curl down her forehead,  
Who when she was good was very, very good,  
But when she was bad she was horrid."

"Now dat is de way wid dat glee-club,  
When dey is bad, dey is orful bum,  
An' de tones dat comes from de windows  
Makes you wish you was far from hum."

But when it is good it is lovely  
And an honor to Gloucester town.  
So here's to the glee club, tuneful,  
May it ever sweet music sound.

We will drink to their health in water,  
And our cares in their music drown;  
While we list to their beautiful singing,  
We are glad when they all sit down.

H. W. '03.

## A Junior's Dream.

It was the night before the Junior Prom. Jack Wilkins sat dreaming in his room. The smoke from his cigarette curled slowly above his head, making many vague and fantastic forms. As he thought of the festivities of the morrow, a certain pang seemed to seize him. It was not a feeling of

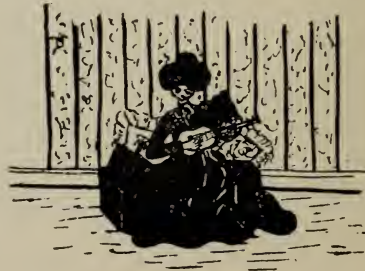


pain for he was happy, neither was it a feeling of joy. It was uneasiness and excitement. Tomorrow he was to meet Mildred; Mildred, whom he had not seen for years; Mildred, with whom he had had so many good times during his high school days. They had quarreled just after graduation and now she was coming to the Prom,—but not with him. He was happy, because she was coming but sorry, because he was

not to be her escort. How should he treat her?

\* \* \* \* \*

In another room at a different college, a girl sat softly playing on a guitar. Her notes were snatches of old love songs, and formed into a sweet medley, suggesting nothing but thoughts of days that are no more. She liked Phil, in fact she almost thought she loved him, but why was it to-night that the past seemed to come back so often and that happy boyish face of the old school days seemed to sing the songs that she played. How would he be tomorrow? If he only would appear to like her, it would make it easier for her. She thought that she loved Phil, but Jack—well, “you can’t forget the old love if that old love be true.” She played it over and over again.



\* \* \* \* \*

The last dance had just ended and the party was breaking up. Jack had met Mildred and had acted the gentleman's part, but that was all. His pride would not allow him to express his feelings more, but all through the evening he had felt a great desire to just take Mildred and squeeze her. Ruth, who had been his partner had been so bright and cheerful that he had not been lonesome by any means, but did he love her? She seemed different from other girls. He knew he liked her but—as he rushed quickly back into the cloak-room to find a glove which Ruth had dropped, he found himself face to face with Mildred, and they were alone. She looked up quickly and blushed, then she said quietly,—“What do you think of my flowers to-night?”

Jack, stupid fellow that he was, had not noticed before that she wore only a pale yellow rose. What a shock it gave him, for now he remembered that when she was ready to take him back she was to wear a yellow rose. Now, no one was looking for they were alone and—well, he didn't kiss her but he squeezed her hand quickly and promised to call the next day.

Moral: “What we lose must others gain.”

“1900.”



## To 1900.



THE wind of autumn in its wild whirl-dance,  
Snatches from off some withered meadow weed  
Its year's supply of reed, and tossed by chance,  
Where'er it passes, be it sterile soil  
Or fertile grasses, there the seed will fall.

So what the plant has wrought by summer's toil,  
What was a flower nodding in the sun,  
A perfect whole, now in brown reedlets small,  
Each one a form complete, is tossed abroad,  
A hundred parts from one.

So Nineteen Hundred bloomed in gold and blue ;  
Till like the autumn came that day in June  
That parted us too soon, and school days through,  
We faced the morrow, and to weal or woe,  
To joy or sorrow, like the seedlet small,  
Wherever Fortune's fickle breath might blow ;  
Dear Nineteen Hundred, who with praise and worth  
For four bright years had worked as one, in all  
Her parts united, then in separate forms  
To meet the world went forth.

But as the germ strength of the summer flower  
Within the seed is hid, so in each heart  
A song of love shall start in some dark hour  
Sweet memories bringing of the days gone by,  
Till echoes ringing rouse the heart again  
To walk and dream beneath the school-day sky.  
And cheered by thy dear presence, each shall dare  
To take once more his yoke of care or pain,  
And seek to win new conquests in thy name,  
Thy fame his constant care.

Helen C. Babson.

## Grinds.



ER children shall rise and call her blessed."—*G. H. S.*

"Noble by birth, yet nobler by deeds."—*Class of '01.*

"Making night and day hideous."—*Glee Club.*

"Science, falsely so called."—*Chemistry.*

"He is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men."—

*Mr. A. W. Bacher.*

"The tongue can no man tame."—*Motto for study-room board.*

"If he chanced to draw a cock, he wrote under it, 'This is a cock,' lest the people should take it for a fox."—*Mr. Merchant.*

"Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once  
And petrify a genius to a dunce."—*M. H. Woodbury.*

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."—*Ammonia Quartette.*

Satan was about to close his huge iron gate, which let all weary souls into Hades. But at the last moment he saw a solitary form in the distance wearily plodding his way onward. When this form was admitted, old Satan said in a melancholy voice, "O'Brien, why are you late?"

"Salisbury was prime minister to Geo. III," says Annie Cannon.

Lally, you think you're quite a man,  
You think you're 'bout the stuff,  
But I'll just tell you one thing,  
You've had too many puffs.  
Your head is full of nonsense,  
Your shoes are full of feet,  
You bluff up all the teachers,  
And talk blind all you meet.  
So please refrain from showing off  
And settle down to work,  
For that's where you'll be sensible  
And your duty you'll no more shirk.

1901.

The fair-haired Senior boy of the chemistry class had an explosion the other day. He at once seized a bottle of alcohol (!) and attempted to extinguish the flames. Could Mr. Whitman have told him alcohol was conducive to fire?

Mr. B. in History Class. "Who were our friends in England at the time of the Civil War? Doesn't anybody know? Well, who was king of England at that time?"

Bertha Mahony,—suddenly. "George Peabody."

Day, reading. "A quivered nymph with arrows keen."

Mr. B. "What is a quivered nymph, Day?"

Day. "Why, —er—r—, one who has got through quivering, I suppose."

Well, well, well. How's this for a score?

111 and 115 by two girls for nine holes!

David, in Lit. "Let me not play the woman, I have a beard a coming."

Mr. B., addressing Miss Geneva Bowden. "Miss Bertha."

Miss Bowden. "My name is Geneva."

"So wise, so young, they say, do never live long."—*Conant*.

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;

He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."—*Lyle*.

"My heart is true as steel."—*Elliott*.

"Too much of a good thing."—*Annie Cannon*.

"She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed."—?

"Small choice in rotten apples."—*Senior Boys*.

"Some, Cupid kills with arrows, some, with traps."—*David*.

"Most frisk and giddy-paced."—*J. Dustin*.

"Let me have men about me."—*C. Davis*.

"Now, by two-headed Janus, Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time."—*Butman*.

"Oh, while you live, tell the truth and shame the devil."—*Knight*.

‘My man’s true as steel.’—*M. Tarr.*

"Think not because men flattering say,  
You're fresh as April, sweet as May,  
Bright as the morning star,  
That you are so."—*M. Haskell.*

"Eternal smiles her emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."—*L. Greenlaw.*

"I said in my haste, 'All men are liars.'"—*L. Lane.*

"But I confess I'm fond of girls, I really am."—*Dixon.*

“Delicious verdancy, unbounded cheek,  
Unquestionably nature’s strangest freak.”—*Morris*.

Miss Lane inquires if the earth turns faster in summer so as to raise the temperature.

‘She never told her love.’—*N. Terry.*

“Ah me, how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is!”—*C. Newell.*

"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem," { *D. Chanc.*  
                                              *J. Chané.*

"I have a twin and he is more than I."—*H. (?) Langsford.*

“And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.”—*G. David.*

"Thus we play the fools."—'02.

"Man delights not me."—*H. Frost.*

"It is not good that man should be alone."—*A. Alexander.*

“Deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I’ll drown my books.”—*Swift*.

‘‘A progeny of learning.”—*D. Mahony.*

‘‘I want that glib and oily art  
To speak and purpose naught,’’—*Marshall*.

“O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us !”—*A. Brooks.*

"Such stuff as dreams are made of."—*Powers*.

Wetterer, in College French. "Elle ma'attire doucement et m'a em-  
brasse.—She drew me gently to her and embarrassed me."

Mr. B. "Herne, there is hope for the heathen yet."

"Look here upon this picture."—'03.

"Nothing will come of nothing."—*Arthur Parsons*.

"Why did my parents send me to the schools,  
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?"—*Fenton*.

"I've lived and loved."—*E. Elwell*.

"His wit invites you by his looks to come,  
But when you knock, it never is at home."—*H. Burnham*.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," etc.—*Laurie*.

"Three misbehaved knaves,"—*MacRobert, Hall, Brown*.

"The times have been,  
That, when brains were out, the man would die."—*McIsaac*.

"She takes the breath of men away,  
Who gaze upon her unawares."—*H. Vautier*.

"From ignorance our comfort flows,  
And only wretched are the wise."—'04.

"One ear it heard, the other out it went."—*Davis*.

"A still small voice."—*Jas. Cunningham*.

"Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."  
—*Wilkins*.

Mr. Parsons says that the 2d period English class shows some remarkable  
instances of "calf love."

1

The Sophs had a social the first of March,  
It was held in Harmony Hall;  
But the question that rises now is,  
Oh, where did they get that *ball*?

2

It seemed to come from nowhere,  
But it got there just the same,  
The person that I'll bet did it,  
Was Freddie, the boy insane.

1901.



## A Dream.



HIS lesson is so hard," were the words which broke from my lips before I had read two lines of my Cicero.

"What makes you do it if it is so very hard?" said a low voice; "It won't make any difference; this one passage will probably be translated and you will get it in one-half the time."

"Keep hard at it, and you will have it in a short time," said another voice. And forthwith my mind was torn with conflict, "Do it," "Don't do it," "Do it," "Don't do it," "Don't do it," "Do it."

"I was tired but still I kept my books before me and listened to the dispute, vaguely wondering to whom the voices belonged, and not very much interested either way. I wished to go to sleep but did not quite dare to, but my indecision settled the question and I knew no more until to my surprise and horror I found that it was time to prepare for school. Strange thoughts then filled my brain; a certain recklessness seemed to take possession of me and I said, "Well, I don't care if I don't know anything." "But what if everybody did this way?" came the answer.

Slowly I started for school and more slowly I entered the building. But a surprise awaited me, for instead of passing to the dressing room as usual, I was met by an elderly lady who exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Brown, I have been looking for you for a long time! You are assigned to me to-day and I am glad, for I think I can help you."

While I was still wondering what this strange state of affairs meant, she conducted me up stairs. The way seemed longer than usual and a sad look came over her face as she led me on. She said, "My duty to-day is not a cheerful one, yet I think it will be a valuable lesson for you. First we will go to the History rooms." Thereupon we entered the room where I had spent so many pleasant days. The class had assembled and our teacher stood ready to begin the lesson. Her face was quite pale as she asked for the first topic, and I wondered why this was so. Instead of rising to recite, the pupil, passing along the aisle picked up a heavy volume of Smith's "History of the World." I was surprised at this, but found myself perfectly amazed when the scholar went up to the desk and fastened the book around the teacher's arm just above the elbow. I then noticed that around her neck and waist, like dead weights, hung numberless examination papers, note-books, and maps. Upon the papers I noticed many U's, P's,

and F's, and the note-books looked painfully clean and white. The maps were without a city or river, and shed a pale light around the haggard face of the teacher. I began to feel remorseful and to look with horror upon myself and the whole class as I saw them one by one place the heavy volumes upon the already overburdened shoulders. At last, a ray of hope entered my soul, for two pupils had answered correctly and they gladly removed the heaviest of the books. Another failure and another and I was ready to go. "Do take me away," and my guide silently led the way outside. "Do you see the effect which neglecting your lessons has upon your teacher? We will now see your Greek class."

The teacher of this language, although a strong and robust man, seemed entirely overcome. Upon his coat were the declensions of all the irregular nouns and also the parts of more than two hundred irregular verbs. Some of these were partly erased but these were quickly filled up with the conjugation of verbs. They gave forth a certain sweet, but very powerful odor, which had the effect of balking every effort of his to extend his work, and deadened his influence in class. "I think you see the result of unlearned lessons here," and we passed out.

We now visited the Latin class. The teacher here was a small, frail woman. Her eyes had a frightened look and her movements were quick and nervous. I could not imagine what made the scholars wear such a look of dread. But I soon learned the cause of this strange behavior. As one especially poor recitation was made, a low moan was heard and, from a dark recess, moved a form almost like a shadow, which speedily took the shape of the famous orator Cicero. He, with his hands fiercely clutching his hair, flitted before the teacher, and wildly shook his head. He seemed to be in great distress, but the teacher was in even greater, until some pupil arose and with as brave a voice as he could muster, recited the oration against Catiline in such good language that the form slowly moved off, assuming a look of great pride.

I had seen enough. "Do stop," I cried, "I can bear this no longer. Just let me get back to my Cicero lesson, and I will try my best to do it." But my strange guide replied, "There is but one more place to visit and I wish your lesson to be complete." So I followed her into the department of algebra. Everything went along smoothly for fifteen minutes in this room and the teacher, a small, dark-haired man, looked quite happy. I felt very much relieved and thought that we should see at least one perfect

recitation. But this was not to be, for the teacher asked that some work be placed upon the board. The scholars at once arose and began their work, being very careful, I thought, to make no errors. I soon saw the reason for this, for all at once out from the board popped a figure seven, which hit the teacher squarely in the back. He had no more than turned round when a figure three struck him from the other end of the board. But the worst was yet to come. There was one problem about a regiment and, as the scholar carelessly made a mistake of twenty-five soldiers, down leaped the figures and pointed their loaded guns at the teacher, who quickly fled around the corner. But what is the matter? The whole class is laughing and my guide has a strange twinkle in her eyes. Oh, where am I? Why, here is my Cicero, just where I left it, and it is only three minutes past seven.

Did I get my Cicero lesson?

'01.

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## History of G. H. S. Cadets.

"Mr. Parker, what do you consider the top-notch hotel in Boston?" asked a friend of the late Harvey Parker, proprietor of the famous hostelry of that name. Dropping his head for a moment's contemplation as if running over all the names of public houses in the Hub, he answered, "Modesty forbids me to state, sir!"

So when a Gloucester boy is asked, "What is the crack corps of school cadets in Essex County?" the only reason for any hesitation or silence in his answer is the one given above, that a becoming modesty compels his reticence.

This well known school organization boasts a continuous existence since the year 1885, with the constant change of officers and men due to the shifting exigencies of school life. No member of the High School during these 16 years has been enrolled as a cadet for more than four years, and a few have had the honor for only four hours.

The following are the chief points in the conduct of the organization. Military drill is compulsory at the Gloucester High School. All able bodied boys enrolled in the school are members of the corps.

The time devoted to the training is one hour of school time per week. The instruction is given, mainly, by the boys of the senior class, from

whose ranks the officers are taken. The wise direction of the male teachers of the school is added to the training of these officers. In the choice of these officers year by year, at the close of the school, no fear nor favor is permitted to bias the selection. The poor boy has an equal chance with his mate of happier circumstances. The only question asked is the candidate's school record of the three preceding years. Has he been obedient and respectful to his superiors, has he maintained a good showing in his studies, above all, has he learned to command himself as a prerequisite to commanding others?

Early each year the two companies are put on a competitive footing and are judged and marked weekly. This suggests a healthy rivalry, which adds zest throughout the work of the year. Not less valuable has been the stimulus of the Haskell prize medals, the annual gift of Col. Edward H. Haskell, of Newton, since the year 1886. The senior medal is awarded to a cadet who has drilled one year or more, the junior, to one who has been a member less than one year. The interest taken in this feature of the cadet life is shown by the fact that the contestants of the current year numbered 60.

There is nothing a Gloucester cadet takes more pride in wearing, than one of Colonel Haskell's medals on his left breast. Twenty-six have already won this honor. It would be a matter of interest to sketch the after careers of all who have received commissions and have made their mark as officers on the life of the corps, but our space confines us to a mention of only the officer now highest in rank.

COLONEL FRANK S. ELLIOTT, 1901, to enter Mass. Inst. of Technology, Class of 1905.

A list of the Majors, Captains and Lieutenants of the Cadets throughout their history would show an honorable record in College or Technology courses, and successful professional and business careers.

The earliest open-air field day of the Gloucester Battalion occurred in 1885, since which date the annual occasion has been held "in the open." The Cadet organizations of the Lynn and Chelsea High Schools have been the guests of the Gloucester boys on several occasions, and they in turn have enjoyed the hospitality of the Lynn Battalions for four successive years. These occasions, while devoid of any features suggestive of the rivalries of old Second Regiment days, are none the less incentives to higher efficiency in all the battalions that enjoy them.

Though the Cadets have but one, or at most, two social events in the course of the year, these occasions are not to be slighted in counting the causes which tend to the success of the organization. Many of the foremost ladies of our city have graciously added to the annual parties of the officers the honor of their presence and participation in the exercises of those events.

To close this brief sketch of a record, honorable alike to our city and our school, let us restate the causes which have brought about so pleasing a result in this 16 years of history.

And first, the fact that, in the absence of a professional West Point instructor, the Cadets have been thrown on their own resources and have "worked out their own salvation," under worthy officers carefully chosen and directed by their teachers.

Second: The element of healthful rivalry between companies and individuals, kept alive by the desire to win the Haskell Medals and the Company prizes of Field Day.

Third: The uniform good will and helping hand of the great body of our citizens, who in the absence of all aid from the city treasury for either equipment or maintenance, have generously decided that they "know a good thing when they see it," and do not propose to let the organization die for want of financial support. If it be recalled that the annual expenses of the battalion have averaged \$250 per year for the last sixteen years, and that this has come from the generous support of the public, it will not be difficult to place one of the causes for the success of the cadets.

On the occasion of the Cadets' fair in December last, the net sum of the occasion was \$405, an unprecedentedly liberal return due to the hearty co-operation and kindly interest of so many of our citizens.

## Advice to Underclassmen.

Being the most sober and sedate member of the Senior class, I was asked what my opinion was of the different classes. Since I am a critical person by nature, let no one take offence at the advice I may give.

The one thing that the Freshmen should do is to keep the Seniors before them as a model of propriety and good manners. They should be submissive, and when they meet a Senior in the Hall, bow at once before him or prostrate themselves before her. The present Freshmen of our school are slightly inclined toward precociousness intermingled with freshness, and as a remedy for this I would recommend them to eat fish well salted three times a day.

The Sophomores are without doubt the most dignified of all the classes (excepting, of course, the Seniors). They are steadily pushing their way onward with the grim determination that nothing shall stop them; still, however, they must keep within the school bounds. One thing I find it necessary to state,—that they should refrain from the excessive use of strong punch at their class socials.

The inconsistent and undignified Juniors constitute the most peculiar class in existence. I am very sorry to say that they have no mind of their own but are continually imitating others. As one glances along a row of Junior heads, one sees unmistakable signs of unnatural development or, to speak in plain words,—“swelled heads.” One of our faculty says that ten grams of Senior dignity mixed with six cubic centimeters of Sophomore sense would greatly reduce the swelling.

As for the Seniors I have not a word to say. They are the model of propriety and goodness, the ideal of all lower class men. So, let us sincerely hope that when the present pupils become the Seniors they will carry themselves as honorably as has each member of our noble class of 1901.

'01.



## Alumni.

1900.

*"A scholar is a favorite of heaven and earth—the happiest of men."*—Emerson.

HELEN CORLISS BABSON, a graduate of the Classical Course, is now in the G. H. S. acting as pupil teacher and is preparing to enter Vassar College in September of this year. As a teacher she has shown exceptional ability.

MARTHA NUTTING BROOKS, a graduate of the Classical Course, having received the Valedictory Honor in this school, is now continuing her studies at Wellesley.

ALICE REBECCA LAWSON, another honor pupil, is also at Wellesley.

GEORGE EDWIN MEARS of Essex, a graduate of our school, is well pleased with his course of studies at Williams, and next year there is hope that George will make the football team.

ABBIE SHUTE MERCHANT is our latest representative at Smith College, that most excellent institute for the higher education of women.

FRED CLYDE WOODBURY is now attending the Salem Commercial preparatory for a business career. May success dawn on his brow.

L. PRESTON BURNHAM, our last year's major, is now at Tech. At the beginning of the year he successfully passed the examinations and is now a captain of cadets at the M. I. T.

Miss EMILY A. CAMERON is acting as pupil teacher in this school, and her career so far as a teacher is very expressive of Miss Cameron's ability as a teacher.

DENMARK P. CLARK, JR. and MELVILLE B. SMITH are now employed by the Massachusetts Highway and the Metropolitan Sewerage Commissions, respectively.

ARTHUR C. DOWNES and FRANK E. RAYMOND, one of our boys from Essex, are also attending Tech. and are very much pleased with their courses of study.

FRANK A. MOREY, together with his brother ARTHUR, G. H. S. '98, are at work at Barker's Drug Store on Main Street. Both of these young men have been Captain of Co. A in their respective years, and Frank has been an aspirant for West Point and Annapolis honors, having come 2nd in the examinations for both places.

JOHN A. RADCLIFFE, the successful captain of Co. B the past year, is now at work at Procter Bros.

AUBREY A. WILLIAMS, our attentive quartermaster of last year, is now attending Harvard Dental School and is very much in love with his work. Success will surely crown his efforts.

MISS BESSIE E. DAVID is at Boston University preparing to be a High School teacher.

MISSES ETHEL M. ROBINSON and EFFIE M. HULL are both at the Salem Normal School.

The past year there were thirty-three young ladies and gentlemen who finished the Business Course and many of them are employed in business firms about town, while others have sought positions out of the city.

*"Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win; but without a grapple it will not go with you."*

## 1899.

*"So take Joy home, and make a place in thy great heart for her, and give her time to grow, and cherish her. Then will she come and often sing to thee when thou art working in the furrows."*—Jean Ingelow.

CHARLES C. BUNKER is our only representative at Dartmouth, and expresses a very high opinion of the college which has produced so many illustrious men.

GUY W. MAILMAN, one of our past captains, is now attending Harvard.

MISSES ETHEL RICHARDSON and MARGARET H. NAGLE are fitting themselves at the Boston University to some day take their places among our most brilliant teachers.

MISS BESSIE S. STICKNEY is our only representative at Radcliffe, and the school may assure itself that it is well represented at this excellent institution.

FREMONT N. TURGEON, ROGER D. BABSON and CUTLER D. KNOWLTON are reaping the harvest of knowledge assured to them at the M. I. T. Great results will no doubt be accomplished by these young men, and together with these we may some day behold another Edison or Morse from among the following contingent: ALFRED T. EDWARDS, WILLIAM L. JEFFERY and OTIS M. RIGGS, all of whom are now planting the seeds of science at the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge.

Very few of our boys have taken up the study of law, most of them preferring to engage in a scientific research, but among those few is HENRY P. MASON, who after a year's study in the office of Col. Pew, is now building a foundation at B. U. Law School for a brilliant career at the bar.

Twenty-eight young business men and women have entered life's business world this year as graduates of our most excellent commercial course.

"Difficulties are things that show what men are. In case of any difficulty, remember that the gods, like a gymnastic trainer, have pitted you against a rough antagonist."—EPICTETUS.

1898.

CLASS MOTTO — *Subsequere dignissima.*

"Knowledge means ever renewed assurance by defeat,  
That victory is somehow still to reach,  
But love is victory, the prize itself." — R. BROWNING.

MISS THYRA LILJA is now employed as teacher in the Collins Grammar school. So far she has shown ability as a teacher.

EDWARD L. HOOPER, the successful captain of Co. B, who so skillfully drilled his company that it became one of the best in the history of the school, has been awarded new and greater honors in the military line. In 1899, having passed most successful examinations, MR. HOOPER was admitted as a cadet in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point and is now receiving a military education at this place, which we predict will some day make Edward another Grant or Sherman. By his appointment Gloucester was honored a third time in its history by an appointment of this sort. This honor is worthy the ambition of any of our boys, and all that is necessary to attain it is to have a fine physique and a definite knowledge of Grammar School studies.

WILLIAM E. KERR, who so successfully drilled his battalion that it carried off all the honors at Lynn on the regimental field day, is now engaged in the insurance business at the office of John Cunningham.

MESSRS. WALTER C. KING, N. CARLETON PHILLIPS and ARTHUR W. DENNEN, having taken up courses of study at Amherst, express great satisfaction in their selection of an *Alma Mater* and speak in the highest terms of this noble school.

GEORGE S. ADAMS, FRANK D. ALLEN, WILLIAM N. BROWN, ALBERT A. HASKELL and WADE L. WETMORE have all taken up scientific courses at the M. I. T., and soon we expect to see great things accomplished as the result of the excellent training which these gentlemen are now obtaining.

# The Tolmama Board.

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# Farewell.

## I.

We now must bid the school good-bye,  
But cannot, quite, without a sigh,  
As, stepping out into the world,  
We turn, and with glances backward hurled,  
We thank our Alma Mater, dear,  
And wish success her's ev'ry year.

## II.

Farewell to Oughty-Two so bright,  
We hope that you will keep in sight  
The record of our class of might,  
And strive hard to out-do us quite.  
With wishes for your welfare's sake,  
We leave you to your future fate.

## III.

Now Oughty-Three, of green and gold,  
The cup for basket-ball you hold.  
Don't feel too big, don't be too bold,  
For smarter ones than you've been sold.  
But keep on in a modest way,  
And may success your toil repay.

## IV.

O little Freshies, one and all,  
Who hustle at your teachers' call,  
We know that you are yet quite small,  
Don't worry, some day you'll be tall.  
We envy you your years of three,  
And wish that we might with you be.



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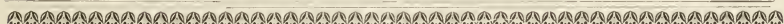
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